

get what I wanted, I tell you, I didn't get what I wanted. That?" he shouted, pointing thrust-way at it. "That? It's vile. Aw, it makes me weary."

"You're in a nice state," said Hol-

"I know well enough the doesn't care a hang for me. It isn't that. It is because—it is because I can't paint. Look at that thing over there. Remember the thought and energy I—damn the

"Why did you have a row with her?" asked Hollenden, perplexed. "I don't

"No, of course, you didn't know," cried Hawker, sneering. "Because I had no way of knowing that, I told you, I was sure you would know." He shook his fist vaguely. — "That she didn't care an old tomato can for me. Why should she?" he demanded, with a curious derision. — "In the name of heaven, why should she?"

"I don't know," said Hollander. "I don't know, I'm sure. But then, women have secrets. This is the great blessing of the world. There is only one thing which is superior to the multiplicity of social forms and that is woman. I mean, young woman, mind. Of, of course, sometimes they are logical, but let a woman be so once and she will repent of it to the end of her days. The safety of the world, the peace lies in woman's illogical thind. I think."

"Go to blazes," said Hawker. "I don't care for your thing and that is that she doesn't care a hang or me."

"I think," Hollanden continued, "that your society is doing very well in its work of heaven taking away. It is a thing of nature, but there is one immovable thing—a woman's illogical mind. That is our safety. Thank heaven, it is."

"Go to blazes," said Hawker again.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

As Hawker entered again the room of the great windows he glanced in sideling bitterness at the chandelier. When he was seated, he looked at it in open bewilderment.

"I came to tell you," he began. "I came to tell you that perhaps I am going away."

"Going away?" she cried. "Where?"

"Well, I don't know—quite. You see"

of going for the winter somewhere in the southern states. I am decided

merely this much, you know—I am going somewhere. But I don't know just where. "Way off, anyhow."

"Where?" she asked, "I'm sorry to lose you," she remarked. "We—"

"And I thought," he continued, "that I would come and say 'adieu' now for fear I might never have a chance to say 'I do' that sometimes, I'm afraid you will forget me very soon, but I want to tell you that!"

"Why," said the girl in some surprise, "you speak as if you were going for all time! You surely do not mean to utterly desert New York?"

"I think you misunderstand me," he said. "I am not deserting New York, but farewell to you because to me it is a very important event. Perhaps you recollect that once I told you that I could not give you the time to care for you, and so I can only go away somewhere—some place 'way off—where—"

"Yes, New York is a very large—how good of you to remind me. But the thing you don't understand, I can't understand," said Hawk, "is that I don't know where I can find some place to remember you, but then I can find some place where I will have to remember in a way that I may never want to remember to forget you. Those two violets, you know—one I found near the tennis court and the other you gave me, you remember? I'll keep them with me."

"Here," said the girl, tugging at her gown for a moment. "Here. Here's a third one." She threw a violet to Hawk.

"If you were not so serenely innocent," said Hawk, "I would think that you felt sorry for me. I don't wish you were sorry for me. And I don't wish to be melodramatic."

"I am a little complacent enough, and I didn't mean to act like a tenor. Please don't pity me."

"I don't," she replied. She gave the violet a little fling.

Hawker lifted his head suddenly and glowered at her. "No, you don't," he said at last, slowly. "You don't." Moreover, there is no reason why you should take the trouble. But"

He paused. The girl beamed and peeped over her arm, her chair precisely in the manner of a child at the brink of a fountain. "There's my violet on the floor," she said. "You treated it quite contemptuously, didn't you?"

"Yes." Together they stared at the violet. Finally he turned and took it in his fingers. "I feel that this third one must be mine, but I don't know it. You are rather a cruel person, but, heaven guard us, that only fastens a man's love the more upon a woman."

She laughed. "That is not a very

good thing to tell a woman."

"No," he said, gravely. "It is not; but, yes, if I thought that somebody may have told you previously."

She stared at him and then said, "I think you are revenged for my serene insouciance."

"Heaven, what an armor," he cried. "I suppose, after all, I did feel a little like a tenor when I first came here, but you have chilled it all out of me." But he started abruptly to his feet. "No," he said, "let us not talk upon different topics. I am not brave, I assure you, and it might be too much for me. He held out his hand.

"Good-bye."

"You are going?"

"Yes, I am going. Really, I didn't think you would bore me for me to come around here and croak in this fashion."

"Not for a long, long time." (He

mimic her tone.) "I have the three violets now, you know, and you must remember that I have the three that you threw away when you flung it at my head. That will remind you how submissive I was in my devotion. When you recall the two others, it will remind you of me, and I feel sure, Daro say, you won't miss three violets!"

"Particularly the one you flung at my head. That violet was certainly flung very often."

"I didn't fling it at your head." She pondered for a time with her eyes upon the floor. Then she murmured: "No more for you than the other one. I'll give you that night—the night at the inn."

"So very good of you to tell me so." Her eyes were still upon the floor. "I know, and I know that it is so. It is very hard to go away and leave an impression in your mind that I am

think; that is very hard. Now, you do
feel that way, don't you? You are
remained silent. Once she lifted
her eyes and gave him a swift look
with much indignation in it.
Now you are enraged. Well, what
have I done?

It seemed that some tumult was in
his mind for she cried out to him at
last in sudden fearfulness: "Oh, do so,
Go. Please—do not come back."
And he, with a swift change, disap-
peared as a man struck from the sky.
He sprang to his feet, took two steps
forward and spoke a word, which was
an expression of despair and amaze-
ment.

"He said, 'What!'"

With heroic effort she slowly raised
her eyes until, alight with anger, de-
fiance, unhappiness, they met his eyes
and saw in them that he was per-
fectly ridiculous.

(The End.)